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The Last Campaign.



BRIGADIER GENERAL JAMES H WILSON,
UNITED STATES ARMY,
Major General U. S. Volunteers 1865-6 and 1898.

THE LAST CAMPAIGN

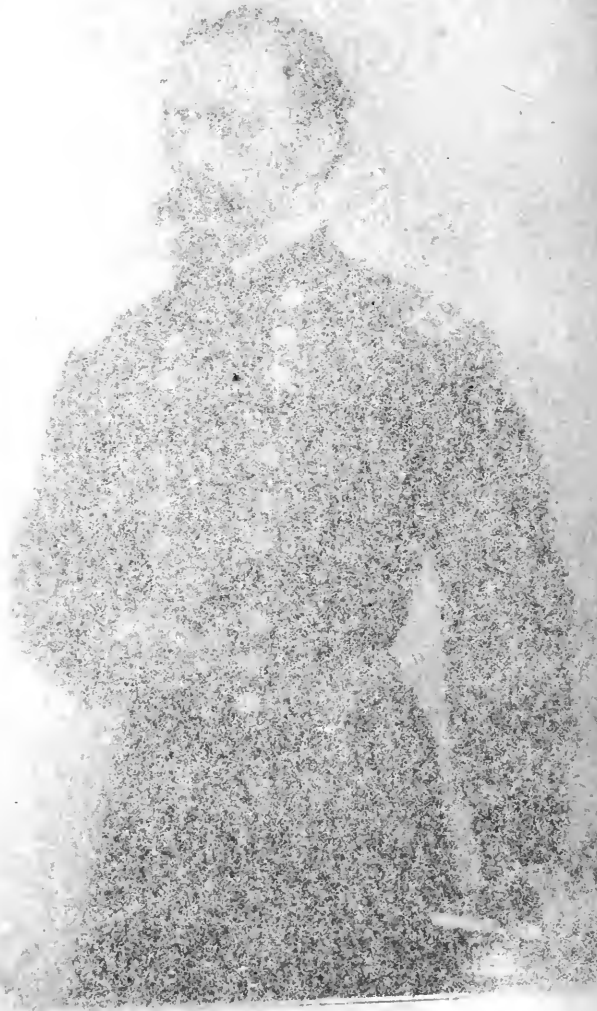
A CAVALRYMAN'S JOURNAL

BY
S. W. HARRISON

OF THE 10TH CAVALRY

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Reprint from the JOURNAL OF THE U. S. CAVALRY ASSOCIATION.



GENERAL JAMES

UNITED STATES ARMY

U. S. Volunteer

THE LAST CAMPAIGN

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BY

E. N. GILPIN,

THIRD IOWA CAVALRY.



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THE LAST CAMPAIGN — A CAVALRYMAN'S JOURNAL.*

To the memory of the old cavalrymen who wore the blue and the gray, this little narrative is dedicated.

THREE divisions of the Cavalry Corps have come by way of Memphis, Nashville and Chattanooga, and are encamped along the mountain side from Waterloo to Gravelly Springs, Alabama, in the extreme northwest corner of the State. The forces of mounted men, widely separated in the West and South, have been concentrated here, and are now well in hand—an army of cavalry.

General James H. Wilson is in command. He is one of Grant's trusted generals, who intends a swift saber-thrust at the heart of the Confederacy. When, where, and in what force we are to move, Dick Taylor and our old friend Forrest (who our scouts report just below here with his cavalry) would give a good deal to know.

It is ten miles to Chickasaw Landing on the Tennessee River, from where our trains bring rations and forage. The heavy spring rains have made it difficult to haul supplies, for the streams are bank full, the low lands overflowed, and the swamps almost impassable. The question of forage is a serious one.

While marching orders are delayed, we are getting acquainted.

General Upton, commanding the Fourth Division of the Cavalry Corps, has just been ordered here from the Army of

*By E. N. Gilpin, Third Iowa Cavalry, a clerk at General Upton's headquarters during the campaign described.

the Potomac; limps slightly from wounds received in the battle of Winchester, where he was brevetted major general for gallantry. At Gettysburg he commanded a brigade, at Spottsylvania a division of infantry and artillery. He has his spurs to win as a cavalry officer. He is a young man to be a general, not yet twenty-six. He is slightly above medium stature, keen-eyed, and carries himself as a soldier. His voice is low, usually, and rather pleasant to hear; speaks quickly when excited; when he gets angry he is quick as a



BREVET MAJOR GENERAL EMORY UPTON, U. S. ARMY.

Colonel 4th U. S. Artillery, July 1, 1880; Died March 15, 1881.

flash, and the man he is talking to thinks a revolver is going off at him. He is in dead earnest, one can see that; has military books in his tent and studies them when he comes in from studying his regiments. He rides a tall, long-bodied bay horse, that makes him look smaller than he really is. He says his prayers every night, which is a novelty. Although he is a strict disciplinarian, making the division drill, rain or shine, dismounted and with saber, I do not

hear any grumbling. Every now and then he puts them through some new evolution that pleases them. They are all veteran soldiers, he a new commander, and they are sizing him up. He has made a good impression on his division.*

March 11, 1865. To-day General Wilson is reviewing the Second Division (General Long). It is considered the finest body of mounted men in the army. I have seen cavalry before, but never any that pleased me so well. The day was fair; a fine band on white horses played military music through all the evolutions. Every movement was executed with precision, and it seemed as though the music was timed to the cavalry hoof-beats, General Long's horse keeping step with the marching battalions as though he knew he led Thomas's veterans. The review, while being spirited in one way, must have appeared tame enough in another, there being no ladies present of high or low degree, no newspaper correspondent, and so far as I know not a member of Congress within a hundred miles.

It beat our review all to pieces, and General Upton says we shall have another some day. Is confident, however, that put the divisions side by side in action, the Fourth will carry any place the Second undertakes. General McCook's First Division, not yet fully equipped, is encamped farthest from us; we have not been thrown together in drill or review, and will have to become acquainted in the field. The other divisions of the corps, Third, Sixth and Seventh, are getting ready for duty elsewhere. What plans are designed for them are known only to Thomas and Sherman. They may be sent as flying columns west and south to distract the enemy. If General Wilson knows, he gives no intimation.

To-day I rode over to the camp of the Third Iowa Cavalry, part of the way with Colonel Noble, who commands the regiment. He says they are in splendid shape, and will give a good account of themselves. All are anxious to march, and will welcome the activity of the campaign. Our sick are sent off to Cairo. Lieutenant Duffield had to go, leaving

*General Wilson once wrote of General Upton as follows: "He was the best soldier, bar none, produced on either side during the Civil War."—EDITOR

Lieutenant Newton Battin in command of my old company, "E," Third Iowa Cavalry.

Tom Brenton, orderly sergeant, is away, getting well, though shot through the lungs; big, burly, six feet of solid flesh and bone, and a big heart to fit, it is hard to think of him off duty. He taught me how to roll my blankets, and he threw my McClellan saddle on when I came to the company "a new recruits," with "Boy, what are you doing here, with mother's milk hardly dry on your lips?" I can see him now, his foot resting on the hub of a disabled caisson, after our last fight, writing the names of the killed and wounded, and asking us as we came around if we could tell anything of the fellows who were missing. I fear it will be a long time till I hear his voice again calling the roll.

Mike Worley, "Pap" we call him, is a happy man. He was ordered to the invalid corps, with other crippled old raiders, and wrote an appeal to the President. He has just got a letter saying, "Stay with your company," signed A. Lincoln. He steps around in such a proud way you can play marbles on his coat tails.

When I came back to headquarters I read a letter from General Grierson to General Wilson: "The Third and Fourth Iowa and Tenth Missouri Cavalry have been sent to your corps; they are splendid troops, the best in my division." General Winslow is to command them, and George B. Rodney, who won laurels at Chickamauga with his battery of the Fourth U. S. Artillery, is assigned to the brigade.

I was with Grierson on his famous raid through Mississippi, and remember him as he sat his horse at the cross-roads below Tupelo, with eyes half closed as though he were lost; but if you looked closer into them you would see he was not lost by any manner of means. Nor was Captain John Brown, of "L" Company, in his desperate charge through the Confederate lines that day, although cut off from his command and surrounded. We all know what he said: "Stick to your saddle, men, and if I fall, ride over me!" It is that sort of stuff this division is made up of, and if General Wilson knows how to handle cavalry, he can ride over anything in the Confederacy.

The General Order governing our march issued to-day, and is very strict. Every trooper carries five days' rations of sugar, salt, coffee, hard-tack, an extra pair of horseshoes, and one hundred rounds of ammunition. The pack train will keep up with the column, leaving the supply train of 250 wagons to follow along as it can. As the wagons are emptied, they will be sent back. One of our generals said he would rather lose twenty men than one mule; the pack animals must not fall too far in the rear. Major Hubbard, with a battalion, has charge of the pontoon train of thirty boats—fifty-six six-mule teams—an awful load; but if the Confederates burn bridges, we cannot cross without it.

The Fourth Regular band came over and serenaded us to-night. We often hear beautiful music from headquarters bands. It looks strange to see an army of 25,000 encamped, and see no long lines of infantry white tents, and hear no beat of drums.

Out riding and sightseeing after writing the day's orders. We are arranging to break camp to-morrow. All are beginning to tire of camp life. We are ordered to subsist on the country, and it will be our fault if we do not have plenty to eat.

March 15th. It has been raining all day, a steady down-pour. We will have a bad time starting on the march. The Tennessee River is very high and steadily rising. General Wilson and Major Beaumont, his adjutant general, came over; they are afraid the creeks will be too high to ford to-morrow, and are getting a little uneasy.

March 16th. Chickasaw, Alabama. Morning cold and cloudy; an occasional gust from the northward—a decidedly wintry day. Broke camp early and took up our march over the hills for Chickasaw, General Upton and his staff officers riding together at the head of the division. The General, stern as fate, sitting hard in the saddle, his mouth tightly closed, his eye keen as a hawk's; Latta, his stout adjutant general, with glasses on, suave, undemonstrative, a Pennsylvanian, just assigned to duty here among Westerners; Captain Gilpin, aide-de-camp, lithe, alert, riding at the General's side, waiting instructions as to the crossing at Chickasaw;

the two brothers Keck, aide-de-camp and ordnance officer, medium size, black haired, self-poised; you can read nothing in either face but readiness for duty; and Surgeon Carter, much the elder of the others, sedate, with smooth-shaven face; something in his manner that does not invite confidence, though a very skillful surgeon. A soldier does not like a chaplain or a surgeon for reasons of his own. Leaving Captain Gilpin at the river to superintend the crossing of the command on "*Westmoreland Ferry*" and on barges, we marched on.

Fording Bluff Creek, "Charley" and I nearly went under; my boots full of water—rather uncomfortable riding. In the afternoon the sun shown out from a cloud, while across the valley the snow falling in long level lines against the dark pines, made a picture not soon to be forgotten.

Came to camp among other divisions of our corps, without rations or forage; made my bed under a melodious old pine tree, and concluded I would have a comfortable time of it; but the troops were passing all night, and the wind began blowing cold, and the frost nipped through my blankets.

Our pioneers are at work corduroying the road, and tomorrow we will have plenty for ourselves and horses.

March 17th. Our forage train found us away in among the pines on a mountain side, two miles from Chickasaw. We have a fine camp, both for comfort and beauty. Our headquarters are located in the center of the division, on a high ridge overlooking the First and Second Divisions. General Winslow's brigade headquarters are about fifty yards distant on another hill across a little valley; General Alexander's headquarters of the Second Brigade westward about the same distance. Across on the next mountain eastward, General Long, Second Division, is encamped; and to the left of them, General McCook's First Division. Army headquarters are down toward the river, the center of the circle.

When the pine knot camp fires are burning brightly at night, we have a most beautiful sight. General Wilson has sent this message to General Grant: "Three of the

divisions are mounted. The First, Second and Fourth are in just as fine condition as it is possible for cavalry to be in. I have reviewed Long and Upton, and I am sure they cannot be excelled in our army or anywhere else. With Hatch in as good fix, we cannot be whipped."

March 18th. Chickasaw, Alabama. The wind has been blowing a little all day, making music for us in the pine trees. Down in the valley a beautiful mountain stream, clear and cold, runs swiftly over the rocks, dashing and eddying hither and thither, merrily chasing its bubbles off to the river. Plenty of water for our cooking purposes, good forage and rations, and the Sanitary Commission has visited us in the shape of cabbage and potatoes and kraut. They also sent us compressed cakes which Lun, our mess cook, calls "desecrated vegetables." We have boiled, baked, fried, stewed, pickled, sweetened, salted it, and tried it in puddings, cakes and pies; but it sets all modes of cooking at defiance, so the boys break it up and smoke it in their pipes! They say the Dutch of the "Fourt' Missouri" know how to cook it, but we are too proud to learn.

We are making arrangements to break camp to-morrow. When we cut loose from our base of supplies here on the Tennessee River, we will have to find a new base somewhere. It is 190 miles to Selma, as the crow flies, but we will have to march about 250, the first 100 through a rough, semi-mountainous country, stripped of forage. After that we will enter a fertile region, the garden spot of the Sunny South.

Operations and line of march are pretty well outlined as far as Selma; after that we may form a junction with Canby at Mobile, or strike the east coast to join Sherman. If whipped, we will get out the best way we can. I am glad that General Winslow is with us, in command of his old brigade. He got us out of a tight place once. None of us are likely to forget that, and he may have to do it again. Forrest is a dangerous foe, quick, daring, resourceful, and whoever tackles him will find his hands full. General Wilson has the confidence of the command. His orders are

clear cut. On the march his headquarters will be with the center column.

We are to march at daylight. My horse "Charley," a dappled Canadian, is fat and sleek, well gaited and full of fire. To day I had him groomed till he looked like a picture, and the General, whose sharp eyes see everything, said he liked his looks. He would like to have him himself, so I had to lie about his not being steady under fire. He saw through that too, I believe, but did not say anything.

At midnight orders came to "wait."

March 20th. The command is still waiting for forage.

The Fourth Division is the only one ready for the march, and we are getting credit for it. Made out weekly and tri-monthly reports of the division.

Generals Alexander, Winslow and McCook, and some of General Wilson's staff officers came over to our headquarters—a clever lot of fellows. They had many arguments, and told some good anecdotes. One on the Major, that pleased everybody but the Major, should not be omitted from the history of this campaign, and which gained for him the title "Old Buttermilk." As we scouted through the Arkansas Valley, the command being in need of forage, the Major at the head of the advance, rode up to the barn of what proved to be the property of a maiden lady, who ran the farm. Accosting a darkey boy, "Hello there! Are there any sheaf oats on the place?" This message the boy shouted up the stairs to his mistress, who, affrighted at the approach of the soldiers, was hiding under the bed. "Missus," de soldiers wants de she folks!" What thoughts must have run riot through the poor female's startled soul, who shall say? She came to the window and with a hysterical scream addressed the Major: "Take all I have, gentlemen. Take everything; but spare my honor!" So struck with amazement was the Major, that he squealed back in a high-pitched voice, "Oh, damn your honor, have you any buttermilk?" This title stuck.

While the Second Brigade band was serenading, Captain Gilpin, aide-de-camp, and I started off to make the "grand rounds," visiting the pickets, seeing that every sentinel was

at his post and the guards on duty. We must have gone twenty miles, from 9 o'clock till 12:30, over some mighty rough country, and fording several streams between roads. There is a fascination about the call "halt!" in the darkness, and the order to dismount and advance with the countersign. There is always the thought that some blundering Irishman will shoot you first and inquire for the countersign afterward. We had some exciting and amusing experiences, and found the videttes diligently attending to duty, and everything safe. The boys are all wide awake.

Passing General Wilson's headquarters, he and Upton were busy with maps and papers spread out before them in the tent; the two generals, alike in a way, yet very unlike — alike in this, that each has confidence in the other and in himself.

March 21st. General Wilson has seen service in both Eastern and Western armies. He was an engineer officer with General Grant at Vicksburg. At Winchester he was brevetted major general for gallantry; he fought his cavalry divisions with skill at the battles of Franklin and Nashville. I see him seldom; when I do, he is sitting straight in the saddle and riding hard. He is a superb horseman, and his soldiers like him. He has told some of the officers of Upton's having been wounded at Winchester by a bursting shell that cut his leg open and laid bare the femoral artery; but he did not leave the field; had the surgeon stop the flow of blood, and then his men carried him on a stretcher, where he continued to give orders, and led his division in a successful turning movement against the enemy's left flank. General Sherman, who was commanding in the fight, ordered him to the rear, but he refused to go until the victory had been won. General Wilson was anxious to get him here to command one of his divisions.

While the generals are in the tent laying the plan of march, I will slip over to the regiment and see what the boys of the Third Iowa are about. Mess kits burnished, and blankets fluttering in the wind; the boys all merry; they have made themselves comfortable in camp. Felix Cub-

berly, poet laureate of "E" Company, broke loose after this fashion :

"The earth beneath, my feather bed,
The sky above my cover-led,"

and being a wise poet, he knew when to stop.

Our fellows can do anything, from running a locomotive to a prayer meeting; they are masons, stokers, lawyers, farmers, engineers, store-keepers, shoemakers, horse-doctors, gamesters, and not a few can play the fiddle o'nights, or could before we broke them of it. The regiment has always been popular from the first. A romantic interest in it grew after the battle of Pea Ridge, when it fought Albert Pike's Indians, and Glen Lowe, the handsome young adjutant brought out its wounded Colonel Trimble from under the feet of the Indian ponies. Its ranks are always full. After reënlisting and getting furlough, when they crossed the ice on the Mississippi River, snow-balling in mimic warfare, they found boys enough to make two regiments, and they returned to service under General Winslow, with full ranks.

Harvey Morris was in the midst of a yarn about Forrest. Harvey was standing guard on Wolf River, below Memphis, and halted an old darkey driving out with a dead dray-horse; suspecting something, he stuck his saber in the carcass, and found it stuffed full of cartridges and percussion caps. He said the old darkey driver's eyes bugged out so you could have snared them with a vine! We know that Forrest came into our lines that day driving an old team of horses with some cotton bales, and at night his raiders made a dash into the city, chased General Washburn along the river bank into Fort Pickering, and came within an ace of capturing General Sherman.* It was only by good luck he escaped. Forrest had lived in Memphis and was familiar with the city.

Among other stories they tell one on Jim McCalmont, that now he is promoted should be hushed up, but he takes it good naturedly; too long to tell, yet too good to be lost.

*Generals Slocum and Sherman were to be there that day, but Sherman was delayed.—E. N. G.

As we marched in column of fours out of Fulton, Missouri, and came to the wide outlying fields along the level road, Jim, then a new recruit, a sort of Methodist lay-preacher, the butt of the gibes of the unregenerate, was attracted by the fruit now turning red on a cluster of trees. He had never seen persimmons. Encouraged by sundry seductive remarks, which the captain overheard, he lit off his horse, climbed a tree, filled his pockets and came back with eyes alight to share with the others. In the meantime it had gone all along the line, and the column, charged like a galvanic battery, in ominous silence awaited his return. One after another, the boys took the fruit, and he with his pocket knife cut a slice and with Spartan braveness swallowed the first bite, and with puckered mouth began his discourse: "If this fruit was brought in and *domesticated*—" This was the touch; the fellows of "E" Company followed hard by the whole battalion, yelled and howled and whooped, every note from the piping treble of the second bugler, to the hoarse bellows-like roar of the company blacksmith—all the gamut of derisive sounds, while poor McCalmont rode along crest-fallen; and Jim and his "*domesticated persimmons*" became a part of the regimental history.

I was by his side a year later, on the raid through Mississippi (we were under General Joe Mower), crossing a drift below Holly Springs, clearing a way for a temporary bridge, McCalmont; with his carbine at his shoulder taking aim, when a bullet pierced the bend of his arm and shattered the bone above the elbow. Leading him back to the ambulance, I watched for the first time the true horrors of war in the working of the surgeon's chain-saw, coiling and uncoiling, serpent-like, around the naked bone. But a gristle grew that answered pretty well in place of bone, and after a time he returned to duty. He had grit. At Ripley, he got little Swift, who was badly wounded, out from under the feet of the stampeding horses and into an ammunition wagon. When Marsh Clark was badly shot and bleeding to death, Jim held on to the artery all night, till the surgeon got there in the morning. We were all glad when he got his promotion.

March 22d. Thompson's plantation. Left camp at Chickasaw at 5:30 o'clock this morning, the Third Iowa leading the column, three of us ahead of the advance guard, when a Confederate officer rode out of a side path, near a farm house. Seeing us, he spurred furiously down the road, and we after him. He was well mounted, and soon distanced us, and after galloping a few hundred yards, we halted for the command to come up. Afterward we were talking with one of the scouts, who thought it was Roddy himself, but he would hardly have been such a dare-devil. We know he is here with part of Buford's division, watching our movements.

It is a scheme of Forrest to brigade his troops by states, so this Alabama division in front of us is made up of men from that State. He has a Georgia brigade, a Tennessee brigade; the Texas and Missouri regiments are his "Old Guard." This is playing State pride for all it is worth. Forrest, the ablest general of them all, has been made a lieutenant general and placed in command of the cavalry forces in the Southwest. As nearly as we can learn he has between ten and twelve thousand cavalry with him now, and ought to make a pretty stout fight when we strike him.

The country over which we came to-day is very hilly, covered with a growth of pine.

March 23d. Newburg, Alabama. Column marched at 5:30 A. M. Passed Memphis & Charleston Railroad at Cherokee Station, the route of Hood's retreating army. Our line of march along sandy ridges. Peach trees are blooming, and they present the only feature of interest.

In the afternoon we descended into the Tuscumbia Valley, a picturesque country with the familiar hard wood trees.

At the little town of Russellville, our scouts were waiting for us with a batch of prisoners, twenty-three in all, among them a major and a captain from Roddy's command. One "pussy" fellow, a swashbuckler in butternut coat, who called himself "colonel," looked like Sir John Falstaff. They told us he had been in Lee's army, and had come home to raise a regiment; he had been on furlough a year and over, and had not raised it yet. Forrest, enforcing a pitiless conscription,

drafted him and put him in the ranks. We captured the fat knight without the loss of a man.

Like other towns in North Alabama, Russellville is almost deserted.

Our march this evening was over the rockiest and dustiest road imaginable. Camped near Newburg. Headquarters at a little farm house, where we found good water, and "bee gums" full of honey.

March 24th. Hubbard's Plantation. Left camp at 5:30 A. M. Pleasant day's march through open country. Late in the afternoon as the column wound down the road, we came upon a house of more than ordinary architectural pretensions. It stood on a sloping mountain side, above a deeply wooded glen, the place deserted except for an old servant and a couple of lean hounds, probably old favorites of the chase, that hung about the kennels. It looked a typical home of the horse racing, fox hunting gentry of the old regime. From the arched doorway it was easy to imagine the figure of some dashing Di Vernon emerging in her riding habit, and the old master of the hall, foot in stirrup, shouting cheerily, "Call Thornie, call all of them!" Now it was forlorn enough. The owner had gone South, his sons away in the army, one of them on Forrest's staff—the great hall deserted.

March 25th. This is a country of rivers. The little wriggles of ink down the page of our military map are mountain streams flowing by stately pine woods, through hemlock-bordered ravines; some clear and colorless, others shaded blue and green, that when falling in sunlit cascades are very beautiful. Clear Creek Falls at the headwaters of the Black Warrior, are the most picturesque imaginable. One would have to be both poet and painter to do them justice in description.

It was necessary to march the divisions on different roads, and they are now converging toward the Black Warrior. Forrest is a wily foe, and it is a question whether he will attack one division separated from the others, at the river. A party of the Third under Lieutenant Battin, the advance of the army, had made camp at Throckmorton's, intending to

try the main ford next day and see if it was passable. All the streams are swollen by the heavy rains. If the artillery takes this ford to-morrow they will have to raise the ammunition in the caissons. After posting pickets on both roads and a sentinel at the crossing, we made camp for the night.

At the head of the falls we found a quaint old mill and a queer little old miller. The trough that conducts power from the dam has fallen into decay, and the old fellow waits for high water to run his mill. However, he did not have many calls for grist, for Hood's army had pretty well cleaned the region of grain. We were lucky to find a few bushels of corn on a by-road to Sipsey Creek. The wheels were soon whirling and the yellow meal was in a jiffy made into batter, spread on cypress shingles, propped up at an angle to the coals, cooked to a turn, and eaten—and we had “ole Kentucky corn-pone and hoecake” galore!

After supper some of the fellows made a raid on a tobacco loft, and soon the air was fragrant with the smell of the long, light brown leaves, crumbling beneath the touch, as we filled and lit our cob pipes about the camp fire in true soldierly fashion.

Suddenly a shot rang out at the ford, followed by another and another in quick succession.

Then Lieutenant Battin's voice in sharp command—“Fall in, men!” and we were in the saddle with carbines ready, when a sentinel galloped up with, “Reb cavalry at the river!”

Skirmishing began, and we fought some three or four hundred Confederates all the way to Jasper.

The citizens had never seen Yankees before and were badly scared. And now the bullets began to fly and test the men who have already stood all the tests. The two or three cowards in every company are well known, but they do camp duty, stand guard, and are all-around useful men but for the one infirmity. With a corporal on one side and a sergeant on the other, they exhibit soldierly qualities. This being under fire is not pleasant to anybody. Sometimes I'd like to have a corporal on one side of me, a sergeant on the other, and two or three non-commissioned

officers in front; for even the bark knocked off the trees stings like a whiplash. It is not a pleasant sound to hear the *ping* of a bullet at the side of your head, or hitting the other fellow and see him swaying in his saddle; the swish of grape and canister and the noise of other missiles in the air is not agreeable. Presently you begin to feel that you are right in the place where the next shell is coming. Then it is time for you to begin firing, or give your horse the spur and get your blood up, for the next thing you know you will have an irresistible desire to get out of there. But taking a firmer seat in the saddle you pull your cap down a trifle over your eyes and get ready to hear the command "Forward!" Our fellows reënlisted for the war after the three years' service expired, and they know why they are here. When they stand by your side in a fight, you get to be like brothers, and after the fight is over you do not like to have any of them gone.

Our pontoon train too far in the rear to be of use. General Wilson ordered General Upton to contrive a way of crossing. The Black Warrior is about one hundred and fifty yards wide, with rough bottom of shelving rock, and runs very swiftly. With some hesitation General Upton decided upon fording. The pioneer corps was at once ordered to work, and soon had a road cut to the water's edge. One of our prisoners was mounted on a good horse and his release offered him if he would cross and return. Many interested spectators gathered on the bank to watch the fun. The brave fellow pitched in alone, carefully moving, occasionally slipping, sometimes almost falling, but at last across safely and back. General Upton and staff moved in after the Second Brigade had crossed; many had fallen into the river, some swimming, others clinging to the rocks, and some plunging far down where the channel ran between precipitous banks at the mercy of the foaming waters. In the midst of the rapids "Charley" stepped off a ledge, and a current dashed him from his footing, but a gentle admonition in the ribs with my spurs soon righted him, and I moved slowly on, stumbling along the broken ledges, the waves surging and foaming angrily away, followed by a dark green ripple that

made me dizzy in spite of myself; but at length I came to good bottom, safely through the deeper water to terra firma.

Troops were all day in crossing. Forrest lost his chance, for he might have taken us at a great disadvantage.

March 28th. Elyton, Alabama. Marched at 9:30 A. M. Skirmishing began soon after leaving camp, and kept up nearly all day. Confederates firing and running. General Upton marched with the advance guard. Halted the command on a plantation of a rich old Southerner who owns the whole magnificent valley. We took possession of his farm and mansion house, with a little army of negroes. Turkeys, chickens, butter, eggs, hams in the smoke houses, thousands of bushels of corn in the barns, and forage of all kinds on the place. Visited the wine cellar, where rows of casks and dust-covered bottles were flanked by baskets and portly demijohns. "And monks might deem their time was come again, if ancient tales say true." Rolled the barrels of peach and apple brandy from among the musty cobwebs into the light of day, and those who were fortunate enough not to have taken the pledge were seen to smack their lips even before the bungs were started! On one point my recollection is quite distinct: An ancient barrel of apple—or was it peach?—brandy, the delightful odor of which pervaded the air as its contents flowed into our cups like syrup, was confiscated without delay, lest it might give aid or comfort to the enemy.

The Second Brigade made a saber charge, driving Roddy's rear guard out of Elyton. From captured scouts we learned that Chalmers' division is marching on Tuscaloosa. General Wilson at once dispatched a brigade to burn the bridge over the Cahawba River, to prevent Jackson from uniting with Forrest, and has slipped the Fourth Division in between their forces.

March 29th. Cahawba River. Our scouts have been out with Colonel Warner, who has 700 men with him, to harass us as we march.

Passed iron works and rolling mills, from which the Confederate government obtains much of its material for the arsenal at Selma. We burned and blew them up.

Citizens told us that General Forrest was expected at the mills to-day; his pioneers had passed through. We cut trees and corduroyed the road, and pushed on, arriving at the Cahawba River at 3 P. M. The Confederates had taken possession of the opposite bank, and began firing as our advance came up. It was too late to cross, and we were ordered into camp. It had been raining, and the prospect was not very bright. I secured a little territory among the trees, made my bed of pine boughs with my saddle for a pillow.

Stayed in camp late this morning, the General and staff occupying rooms in the house, where the old gentleman treated us hospitably.

One of the soldiers while halted, picked up a book lying open on the porch, and reading the title "*Les Miserables*," asked the old gentleman if it was about Lee's soldiers? The old man gave him a queer smile, but did not reply.

The Confederates were still holding the opposite bank, and began firing when we started to cross. As the shots began to ring out, and were replied to, the old gentleman who had treated us hospitably, with a look of anxiety came to General Upton, saying, "They are not firing at each other, are they?" As the shots came faster and faster, he came up close and put his hand on the horse's neck, "My two boys are there!" and with tears in his eyes he kept repeating, as though he could not believe it, "They are not trying to *kill* each other, are they?"

While a diversion was being made at the ford, the First Ohio crossed on an old railroad bridge a mile above, came down with a yell on the other side and routed them out.

March 30th. Montevallo.

General Upton, with a detachment and two pieces of artillery, marched rapidly over a rough and broken country toward Montevallo. Passed more iron works and mills, and left their smouldering ruins. Eight miles from town our advance encountered the Confederates under General Roddy, fought them into town, and charged them out. Many citizens went with them. We captured their forage and rations.

We have marched forty three miles to-day with the pack train and artillery, leaving the main body to come up later. Our headquarters at Judge Shortridge's. General Upton was up till after midnight with the engineer who plotted the fortifications at Selma, with maps and papers spread out before them, studying and planning the downfall of the city. I stood it as long as I could, and then lay down on the parlor floor and went to sleep.

March 31st. Out in the woods near Randolph.

Remained in camp at Montevallo until 12:30 P. M., waiting for the command to come up, as the enemy was found to be in force. An expedition under command of Colonel Benteen was sent out and destroyed rolling mills and factories, six in all. A brigade of the enemy was encountered. The Colonel ordered his regiment to draw saber and charge, himself leading; stampeded them and came back. The Confederates followed with reinforcements, and drove our pickets in. At noon General Wilson and staff came. General Upton moved out on the Selma Road with the Fourth Division. Lyon's brigade had taken a position on a hill above the road, a mile from town.

The General charged at the head of the Fifth Iowa, and after a sharp fight drove the enemy and captured a number of prisoners. Our division in advance; fighting all day—a continual skirmish, killing and wounding many, and capturing 135 prisoners. Both divisions camped late at night. The Confederates are just across the creek. The Third Iowa and Tenth Missouri did most of the fighting to-day, losing considerably.

The night is dark, and so still that we can hear all their movements. Our artillery is ranked so as to cut a wide swath down the approaches. A little over in the woods one of our twelve-pounders just now sent a shell crashing through the underbrush. It being unexpected, I think I never heard so loud a noise. By the time my hair settled back in place, I heard the shell explode in their camp, on the other side.

It seemed an awfully long night, for I had to keep awake to pilot the different companies to their positions at the

bridge and along the bank of the creek, taking those off duty back to their regiments every two hours; and it had to be done very quietly. The General kept his ears open pretty nearly all night, and if anything was afoot, he heard it.

April 1st. Maplesville Station, on Alabama & Tennessee R. R.

Marched at daylight. Skirmishing all day, driving them slowly but steadily. Near the station Old Maplesville, more generally known as Ebenezer Church, we met the enemy under General Forrest. Long advanced on the right with the Second Division, Upton on the left with our division. We could hear the shrill whistle of the locomotives, and knew the enemy were being reinforced. Upton ordered Winslow's brigade to charge with the saber, and led them himself.

The Confederates held the crest of a ridge, flanked by a deep miry creek, with artillery posted so as to sweep both roads. As soon as we developed their position, one could have sworn that Forrest was in command. A column was advancing to charge our flank. I thought of Guntown, and our boys floundering in the Tishomingo, fighting in desperation for the bridge, as I spurred back at a gallop over the dusty road repeating to myself the order at every jump, "Tell Rodney for God's sake get his battery up!" When I reached the panting artillery horses, Rodney in a flash double teamed, and urging them with his saber—the cannoneers bending forward in their saddles, the horses straining every muscle—gained the hill-top, swung his guns free, and sent the shells whirling over our boys, who were fighting hand to hand in the fields below. By a succession of impetuous charges we forced them from the field, dislodged them from the heights, and drove them helter skelter five miles past Maplesville Station.

The road was strewn with guns, belts, cartridge boxes, coats and hats. "Too fast for their *goods!*" the boys would say.

The day's events have been so many and so exciting, that I cannot record them. It is impossible to record the deeds of personal skill and daring. Captain CRAIL was

wounded. He is always getting wounded; he is a very clever fellow but for that. Captain GILPIN, aide-de-camp, advanced with a detachment of the Seventh Ohio Cavalry under orders to develop the enemy's line. It was bravely done at a great sacrifice, every man being killed or wounded under the converging fire. The genial captain came out on foot, with four or five bullet holes through his coat; if he had not dodged one that went through his collar he would have staid with his horse—that was not good at dodging.

Lieutenant VEATCH, with ten of his men, fell as they tore away the obstructions to the Confederate battery. In justice to the brave artillerymen it should be said, they lost their lives first—their guns afterward.

Sergeant JOHN WALL was shot through the hand that held the guidon, but carried it on in the other, and captured a Confederate officer.

Captain John Brown again distinguished himself, capturing more than his company numbered.

General UPTON was with Lieutenant BATTIN at the head of the Third Iowa Cavalry when they made the last charge at Six Mile Creek, and again and again applauded them for their gallantry.

Colonel Noble* was so pleased with the conduct of his regiment under the eye of the general that he could hardly keep his saddle. Those of us who were with him in the Sturgis raid understand why.

Alexander's brigade of this division made a magnificent charge upon a battery, and proved themselves true soldiers from first to last.

General Upton has captured his division. When the fighting was hottest, he was right there by their side, and they know he is a brave man and a skillful general. Their hearts are with him. He came here a boy—and has *whipped Forrest*, and they all want to yell when they see him riding down the line.

Our division captured two ten-pounder Parrot guns and 135 prisoners; the Second Division one gun and two hundred prisoners.

*Afterwards Secretary of the Interior in Harrison's Cabinet.

The reinforcements did not have time to get off the cars.

The Confederates had unloaded a great deal of forage at the station, intending to whip us and then feed, but we captured every pound of it. There were several Napoleon guns on the cars. The prisoners said, "We will get them later."

While charging, Captain Taylor, our Indiana cavalryman, ran up to General Forrest, hit him over the head with his saber, and ordered him to surrender. Forrest drew his revolver and shot him dead. Another of our boys followed hard after, striking at him with his saber as he ran, and shot as he jumped the fence, and thought he wounded him in the arm. His men say he has sworn he will never surrender. We spiked the cannon, bent the guns, buried the dead and cared for wounded, established hospitals, made preparations for comfort, and as night came on, encamped.

Our headquarters at Dr. Phillips' fine house. Ate my supper and turned in, but was so full of the day's excitement that I could not sleep. In the adjoining room I heard the General turn uneasily in his bed, then start up, give orders, and in his dreams was fighting the battle over again. When I went in his room he said his leg pained. I asked if I should get Dr. Carter? He said no. It was just the nerve giving him a twinge. I set the candle down and was going, when he asked the time. It was after midnight, for the guards had been relieved. I told him everything was right, and he could rest content with the army he had led that day around him. I put out the light, and soon he was breathing regularly, and presently fell asleep.

As I looked from the window, all was quiet where our army lay encamped; not a sound came up through the darkness, and only the light of campfires glimmered in the sky, away south toward Selma.

April 2d. Sunday. Selma, Alabama.

Left camp at 9:30 A. M. General Croxton, with First Brigade, Second Division, had marched toward Tuscaloosa to intercept Jackson.

Detached expeditions burned iron works, factories, rolling and flour mills, and destroyed millions of dollars worth of

cotton. General Upton, with the Fourth Division, took the left hand road; General Long with the Second the right.

Our line of march is along the top of hills that extend to the city of Selma. At the head of his division, his face a little pale, General Upton is being watched by every soldier in the command.

We passed a "Johnny" leaning against a tree, who had received a curious wound; a bullet had cut off the tip of his nose, and the blood was trickling down on the leaves. As the column passed, I heard an old trooper say: "My friend, you put your nose just a leetle too far into this here Rebellion."

Yesterday one fellow was shot through his canteen filled with molasses, and lost it all. Colonel Noble was struck; the bullet dented his saber-belt plate, doubling him up, but he was not seriously wounded. Lieutenant Battin caught one between his leg and the saddle, grazing his leg and plowing through the saddle-flap. Bullets play some very funny tricks; sometimes a Testament or deck of cards will deflect a bullet from the heart of some mother's darling, and for that reason one should read his Testament and play cards when he goes for a soldier.

A wide fertile valley below us shows delightfully green, and as we march we hear the tinkling of bells, the lowing of cattle, and singing of larks in the fields. Stopping here to eat my dinner, the indistinct murmur of life on a farm comes to my ears like music.

Went to the head of the column and found it halted in full view and range of the enemy's works at Selma. General Wilson came up and he and General Upton rode to a little skirt of timber and examined the position with their field glasses. The fortifications are 600 yards distant, a formidable line of forts and earthworks, with palisades extending a distance of three miles, with the flanks resting on the river, above and below the city. On the left, in our front, is a wide stretch of swamp land, into which the road runs and disappears. In Long's front the country is open, except for a line of timber skirting a ravine, through which a considerable creek flows. The forts began shelling and

we fell back to a point out of range. While the generals were consulting, I made a return from the last reports of regimental officers of the number of men in the command now formed in compact column, waiting for the order to advance.

Order for assault by the Second Division on the Summerfield Road and by ours on the Plantersville Road, the signal, one gun, at 6 o'clock, to be fired from Rodney's battery.

Our last day's march was pushed so swiftly that no time was left Forrest to make disposition of his forces, until we closed in on the city. He played his old game, however, and a delayed force trying to join the main Confederate column made a dash on the train in the rear of the Second Division, intending to throw it into confusion. General Wilson had provided for that with a regiment on guard there, and trumped his little trick.

When the attack was made on our rear, the Confederates sallied out of their works immediately in our front, and the Second Division, without waiting for the signal, moved to the assault. A sharp volley checked their advance; another accompanied by a yell and a charge, drove them back to their works; our division moved forward, and the battle was on. Volley followed volley; the long loud rattle of our Spencers, and the reply by our batteries to the incessant heavy booming of guns from the forts. With a cheer, our boys charged dismounted across the fields and swamps, over rifle pits and embankments, over trenches and palisades, up through the battery smoke, on to the parapet, yelling like devils. Tearing down obstructions they opened the way. Along half of the battle front the strong palisades held, and the attack of the Fourth Cavalry was repulsed.

General Wilson, on his white horse, led forward the mounted reserves. At a steady trot the long blue line formed across the plain; then spurring to a gallop, the ground trembled with the thunder of hoofs, the air scintillant with the flash of saber blades, the cavalry charge, like a tornado let loose, swept through all opposition! Our carbines and sabers, Yankees and yells, proved too much for the Johnnies, and Selma was fairly won!

We captured everything they had, and 3,000 prisoners. Forrest made his escape along the river road, fleeing with his broken army. As they ran, they set fire to a large cotton storehouse near the arsenal. The fire spread to barracks and ammunition houses, shells exploding and flying in every direction; brigades of both divisions in pursuit. The Confederates running for life, jumping their horses over the bluffs into the river, our cavalymen after them to the brink, cutting and slashing with their sabers. Soldiers yelling vengeance, for some of our men were shot from their saddles after entering the city; citizens scared, women and children screaming, excitement high everywhere. Of all the nights of my experience, this is most like the horrors of war—a captured city burning at night, a victorious army advancing, and a demoralized one retreating.

The soldiers, overpowered by weariness, wrapped in their blankets, sunk to rest about the streets; the citizens, exhausted by excitement and fear, the cries of their children hushed at last, snatching a troubled sleep; the wounded, lulled by opiates into forgetfulness of their amputated legs and arms; the dead, in their last sleep, with white faces upturned to the sky; for the passion, cruelty, bitterness and anguish of war, this Sunday night now nearly gone, will be remembered. If there is a merciful God in the heavens, He must be looking down upon this scene in pity.

April 3d. Selma.

Up early and out in the city. Several squares burning, and soldiers running with the engines, more for amusement than to put out the fire, splashing the fire and unlucky citizens time about.

Thornton and I rode out to see the battlefield and forts. Two lines of breastworks flanked by miry swamps and quicksands, rifle pits and stockades, extend around the town. The forts are dangerous looking affairs in themselves. Deep ditches and sharp palisades protect them on all sides. Where our boys could not tear them away or pry them apart, they jumped on each other's backs and scaled them in a game of "leap frog." Many guns in each, some fine Parrott guns. The Confederates got out in such a hurry that they did

not spike them. We broke, spiked, and burned them all. Everything is done by strategy on this raid. The Confederate generals have all been fooled, from Forrest down. General Wilson, who looks the dare-devil as he gallops past, is as cautious as an old maid. He waits until "the sign is right," then goes in with a dash. He and Upton play into each other's hands as though the thing were all cut and dried. It is done so quickly, it is over before you know you are hurt. If we had laid siege to Selma, half the command would have been killed or wounded. As it was, we have lost less than four hundred. We struck them like lightning; the thunder-clap was there as soon as the flash; when the storm broke, all we had to do was to take them in out of the wet.

From the forts we went to the iron foundry; immense machinery, hundreds of guns of all sizes, some very fine naval guns, and thousands of shot and shell.

General Upton is in command of an expedition in pursuit of Forrest.

Everything is progressing smoothly with the great cavalry raid. General Winslow is provost marshal of the city, and discipline is strict again.

Word came that Croxton had defeated Jackson and captured Tuscaloosa.

April 4th. Went down to the ordnance train, found Thornton, and together we visited the great Selma arsenal, but could not pass the guard. However, we looked at the shot and shell piled up in great rows, through the long shops. From there we went to the stockade, where about 3,000 prisoners are confined. They prepared this "shebang" for our reception. The fair ladies of Selma are busying themselves feeding and caring for the captured Confederates. Our boys sympathize with the Johnnies, and as a consequence, walk home with the girls. After a long ride around the city, came back to headquarters.

The large foundry was fired just at dark; shells are exploding one after another, then by platoons and squadrons, then back to one, and up and away again, never stopping, a bright light flashing and wavering, throwing shadows over

the housetops, trees, church spires, and in among the columns that support the balcony over our heads. A few of us are sitting together, our chairs tipped back against the pillars listening to the war music, and chatting. The station of the Alabama and Tennessee Railroad with many cars and locomotives, is also burning.

April 5th. The Selma arsenal covers ten acres of ground, and is full of all manner of military stores. Thousands of boxes of ammunition and caissons ready for shipment—but too late! There were rifles, carbines, canned powder, revolvers and muskets—an immense array of stores for killing Yankees. We found 500 darkies under orders, piling dry lumber and other combustibles for the coming conflagration.

Colonels Lyons and Patterson, who commanded brigades, are prisoners; another officer, as report has it, wants to come in and take command of his brigade, which he says is all in the stockade.

April 6th. Writing orders concerning our coming march. It has been raining all day, the Alabama River is high, and we have been delayed preparing the bridge. The river is rising; its current is swift and strong.

General Wilson went to Cahawba under a flag of truce to arrange with Forrest an exchange of prisoners. Found Forrest grumpy and unwilling to make terms, but Wilson got the information he went after. He expects to recapture the prisoners.

April 7th. Saddled "Charley" and rode out beyond town to the forts and works which surround the city. Spent a pleasant day following my fancy. Selma is a beautiful place, and the war has never been much of a burden to it until our Cavalry Corps came in.

April 8th. General Upton and staff came in with the First Brigade, having marched 120 miles and had a skirmish with the enemy near Summerfield. They found a captain and a dozen men, scouts of ours, dead; they had been killed outright in a barn where they were asleep. General Wilson has sent Forrest word that he will retaliate. Surgeon Maxwell came in from Montevallo, where he had been in charge

of our wounded. He met Forrest at Plantersville, who said a captain of a charging regiment ran at him with his saber, struck him and was trying to run him through, when he shot him. The captain belonged to Company "C," Seventeenth Indiana. Forrest said our men showed more gallantry in that engagement than he had ever seen.

We all drew Confederate clothing and made ready for marching. They are concentrating all their forces, intending to whip us before we get out of Alabama.

General Alexander, who is superintending the construc-



BRIGADIER GENERAL A. J. ALEXANDER, U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

Major 8th U. S. Cavalry, July 28, 1866; Lieut. Col. 2d U. S. Cavalry, March 20, 1879

Retired July 3, 1885; Died May 1, 1887.

tion of the pontoon bridge across the river, narrowly escaped with his life to-day. Mike Worley was holding a rope, letting a log go under; drift-wood was running, and it was hard work. The General, provoked with him for not doing it right, and in trying to get hold of the rope, lost his footing and fell from his skiff into the river. The swift current drew him under the pontoons, and he would have drowned

as sure as fate, if Worley had not gone down and held to him till they were hauled out. It took a brave man to do it.

April 9th. Business in the office finished, went out in the city in search of amusement. Went to one of the best looking houses in the neighborhood, sat down on the porch and began a conversation with Mr. Montford. Told him who I was, and the current news at headquarters, and got the old gentleman interested, I suppose. He asked me to dinner; I declined, but said I would come and take supper with him. He seemed a little surprised, but quickly recovering said, "Yes, and spend the evening, and I'll have my girls sing and play for you." While we were talking, I saw two girl faces peeping from behind the curtain, so I thought I would ask Thornton to come too. At the appointed time we appeared at the Montford residence; I, in a blue jacket and gilt saber-belt, gray trousers above my cavalry boots, and wearing a Secesh cap. Thornton is a handsome fellow, and in any uniform would take a girl's eye.

The old gentleman introduced us to his affectionate daughters, the Misses Erminie and Kate. Thornton was at once struck with Miss Erminie. We walked in the garden, picked flowers, and talked of the beautiful in nature, and all that. A sweet faced, elderly lady announced supper, and made us welcome, saying that her son was a soldier too, pointing to a portrait on the wall, a handsome military figure in gray uniform, her eye resting with motherly pride on his features. I noticed that they were like her own.

After supper we were invited to the parlor, and what was begun as a piece of soldierly bravado, was likely to end in a civilized social call. Waverly novels, handsomely bound, were with other books on the table. "There is no more romance in these days, or I might call you Flora McIvor," I said to Miss Kate. She had pictured how she and Miss Ermine used to gallop up the river with a gay cavalcade, to where the Pearl and Swiftwater joined, and have their picnics in the woods. "That," she said, "was before Brother Henry took all our horses and joined Forrest." Miss Erminie played "The Bonny Blue Flag," and other Southern songs, and then Miss Kate, to her sister's accompaniment,

sang, "Tis But an Hour Since First We Met." Both girls were little Rebels to the finger tips, and said they "hoped we would be taken prisoners." I told them of a pretty black-haired little Rebel, who sat smiling innocently and fishing, her Capitola hat thrown carelessly beside her, while our command was marching past; but she was counting every company, to report our numbers to General Price, and we all narrowly escaped capture. At this Miss Kate laughed and clapped her hands and said: "That's what I'd like to do!"

Perhaps it was because I had on Secesh clothes that I was so drawn to her; but she was a beautiful girl, and wore the rose that I had given her, and when she sweetly sang, "When This Cruel War is Over," she had to promise immediately to write the words. At the doorstep she gave me her hand and said: "If they take you prisoner, I will have my brother see that they treat you well." She turned quickly away, for she knew I was reading her face.

On my way to camp I kept humming the refrain, "Hopes and Fears How Vain," and trying to recall the tones of her voice. Next morning a parcel came, tied with a dainty pink ribbon, and the song written in a fine girlish hand, with "suit of gray" for "suit of blue," as it runs in the Northern version, the words "hoping that we meet again" under-scored, which made the recipient so sentimental that he was unfit for duty all the rest of the day. We have met again, and I found, what I knew I should find, a sweet sincerity added to her girlish beauty; but even you, my curious little journal, shall not know what words were said.

The command left Selma at night, crossing the bridge of boats. The intense lurid glow of the burning buildings on the bank lit up the river, and the long lines of cavalry seemed to be marching upon its surface. It was all night in crossing. In the gray dawn, as the bridge was torn away, Generals Wilson and Upton, halting their horses on the brow of a little hill, sat looking back to where disaster hung like a pall above the stricken city.

General Wilson thinks the enemy badly crippled, and is determined to press on to Columbus, their stronghold in Georgia, and give the Confederacy a mortal wound.

April 10th. Church Hill, Alabama.

The late rains had laid the dust, and it was pleasant marching. We passed through Benton. At this point skirmishing commenced. Where the roads crossed at a sharp angle, a regiment of cavalry were making a rush to get to the main road, and our boys at close range, poured a stream of fire from their carbines, so near that I could see the dust fly from their coats where the bullets struck. They were gallant fellows, as they rode at a gallop, their long hair blowing behind their little Secesh caps. As they leaped the fences, it was a goodly sight.

As we came to the hill, a Confederate officer lay dying by the roadside. Jim McCalmont had dismounted and was kneeling by his side taking a ring from his finger as I rode up. It was set with a stone, that in the morning light showed red as the blood that was flowing from a ghastly wound in his breast. A swift, vague impression of having somewhere seen his face, made me stop. He was holding Jim's hand as he told his name—Captain Henry Montford, and begging him in broken words to send the ring to his mother, who lived in Selma. Dismounting I went close to his side, but could catch only a word or two of what he was trying to say. In a minute he sank back on the ground, his face growing pale in the shadow of death, while Jim was praying. We marked his grave, and sent his last message to his mother.

This afternoon the Confederates were firing at us from the other side of a creek we could not cross. The steep clay bluffs were fifteen or twenty feet high, and eaten away by the current so that to ford it would be necessary to ride belly-deep thirty yards parallel with the bank before a turn could be made to ascend the further shore. General Upton galloped forward waving his sword and shouting at the top of his voice, so that the Confederates could distinctly hear: "They are flanking them on the left, Forward!" The ruse worked; I could hardly believe my eyes; they all lit out of there like a flock of wild ducks. There was nobody below the bend of the stream on their left but our headquarters bugler, blowing for all he was worth, and an orderly

raising the devil among the corn-stalks! A battalion of men behind a slight breastwork could have held it against a brigade.

Camped at dark. Our new darkey foraged extensively and got us a good supper.

Headquarters at General Robinson's, who owns a fine plantation. He is in the Confederate army. His darkeys had taken all the horses and mules, and hid in the swamps.

Writing late to-night orders of march for to-morrow, and an order for the punishment by flogging of a soldier of the command. When preparing General Upton's explanatory order to the soldiers, I made bold to say to him, that discipline was necessary, but I thought it should be lawfully enforced; if we all got our deserts none of us would escape whipping. "The man," he explained, "had broken into a house, threatened the women, and stolen jewelry. Such things were not to be tolerated by Christian soldiers, and he intended to make an example of him. We could and would take the last pound of food if it were needed, but *thieving* must be stopped." I then had a copy of Burns in my pocket, that I had "confiscated," and felt very uncomfortable.

April 11th. Lowndesborough, Alabama.

Our division marched at daylight. The provost marshal led the soldier out with a detail to flog him. In attempting to tie him, he broke away. A party mounted and pursued him a quarter of a mile, overtook him and brought him back, tied him to a tree and gave him forty lashes upon his bare back, as the column was passing; then his hands were tied behind him, and a placard placed upon his breast, upon which was written in large letters: "Flogged for Stealing." He was made to face the command till all had passed.

These great forests of long-leaf pine, through which we march in a semi-twilight, are cushioned by the fallen needles, deadening the beat of hoofs; and a low continuous murmur is rising and falling around us like the sound of the distant surf.

We had not marched far before we came to Big Swamp River; here we rested for an hour while the engineers were repairing the corduroy road, and then we began navigation

swampward. Of all the swamps I ever experienced, this is the swampiest. Majestic trees with hanging moss, tower above the gloomy waters, while a rank growth of juniper, nightshade and all manner of climbing and creeping shrubs and vines choke up the road and render it almost impenetrable. The country around is low and marshy, often flooded for miles by the rising river, which, when falling, leaves a bed of quicksand and morass, broken and tangled weeds and vines, twined fantastically about the gnarled roots, making the somber forest sublimely dreary.

Our division was all day crossing, and when halted upon the opposite side, presented a muddy spectacle.

After leaving "The Big Swamp" we came up into some very fine country, where we halted upon a rich plantation and rested for two hours. At 4:30 P. M. we reached the beautiful little town of Lowndesborough, finely situated upon the mountain, and surrounded by lovely and picturesque country.

We camped near town, while the pioneer corps is bridging a bayou ahead for our march to-morrow.

The citizens tell us that General Lee telegraphed that he had evacuated Richmond and was moving in the direction of Danville. The news was announced, and the whole army is cheering.

April 12th. Montgomery. Our division marched at daylight. The Confederates in advance destroying bridges and throwing up obstructions in our road; and at every convenient position skirmishing, losing two or three men on each side.

To-day we built a novel bridge over one of these creeks. Our artillery mired down, and it was impossible for a column to ford. General Upton ordered every trooper to carry a fence rail on his shoulder, and when we came to the crossing we found a couple of heavy artillery caissons in mid-stream, for a foundation, and on them rested two forked pine trees for piers, across which ran sapling stringers; every man threw his fence rail for a flooring, and swaying, and swinging the command crossed the rude bridge. I do not believe anybody ever saw that done before; it held all

right, and with drawn sabers we deployed and whipped the Johnnies in the open.

Plantations we have passed to-day are fenced with Mexican rose-hedges, that offer almost as much *defense* as the osage orange. Now that they are blooming, it is a beautiful sight to see them, as far as the eye can reach, in long red and white lines. As they run parallel with the road, the gates and bars opening through them at intervals, serve well as places of ingress and egress for our flankers.

Passed forts and rifle pits; making a wide detour to avoid the intense heat of burning mountains of cotton, we ascended the hill overlooking the city of Montgomery.

General Wilson came up just as we were entering. There, before us was the State capital, the first capital of the Confederate States; now, from the dome, floated the "old flag!" In a moment every hat and cap flew off, and three cheers, loud and long, were given! The town took up the echoes as old familiar sounds; and the people seemed to live as of yore, under the "Stars and Stripes!" The town was surrendered to General McCook; General Wilson and our officers went to his headquarters and had a jovial time. Colonel LaGrange, whose brigade has been temporarily attached to our division, had a slight engagement and captured a number of prisoners and battle-flags from Generals Adams and Buford. They did not offer much resistance, as they do not intend to make a stand until they reach Columbus, where they are concentrating their forces.

We captured a dispatch from Jeff Davis, which reads: "Governor Watts asks help at Montgomery. Says, with the troops that can be spared from Georgia, he can save Montgomery, retake Selma and save Mobile!" All this might have happened, but it didn't! Before His Excellency left his capital, he had seen the handwriting on the wall.

April 13th. Montgomery.

We remain in camp here all day. It is a beautiful city on the high banks of the Alabama River. Early in the morning I employed my leisure in exploring. In a fine old church I found a darkey sweeping and made him pump for me while I played the organ. It sounded magnificently to

one who cannot strike a dozen notes in order, and as there was no one there but the darkey to comment, I ran my fingers up and down the key-board in lively style, then pulled out the stops and let it have it, rolling out billows of sound that made the old church tremble. It brought the darkey up with eyes rolling: "'Deed, suh, dat's suttinly dif-funt fum any playin' I *evah* heard!" "That's a cavalry fugue with artillery accompaniment," I said, "and the only one of the kind." "Golly, Gosh, Massa Captin, how yo done fool pore ole Ben."

The Confederates, before they left, set fire to an immense amount of cotton to prevent it falling into our hands; but very much remains stored, because the blockade has been effectual.

We burned the nitre mills and all government stores, but as the town was surrendered, no private property was disturbed.

Our headquarters at a country villa a mile from town. Magnificent gardens and groves surround the house, and beautiful flowers bloom everywhere. The negro cabins, barns, stables, cribs and stacks are scattered profusely for miles over the land adjoining, and the happy, jolly darkeys come in groups to wonder and gaze. This evening our band began playing. At the first toot here came the darkeys, all ages, sizes and complexions, from a deep black to a light saddle-color, swarming with open eyes and mouths, crowding along the fences on tip-toe. To-night is a jubilee in their cabins. We can hear them dancing, fiddling, singing and laughing. They make a curious musical instrument of "cane reeds," and the darkey that performs the loudest, is the grand mogul of the assembly.

We are ordered to march to-morrow.

April 14th. Cowles' plantation.

Marched at daylight, Second Brigade, First Division, in advance. Colonel LaGrange looks natural, and has the same determined style of riding. Our regiment and the First Wisconsin were at one time brigaded together under General George E. Waring, and were almost like brothers on our raids through Missouri and Arkansas. Met an old friend,

now adjutant of the regiment, who tells me there are only a few of the old First Wisconsin left.

The Confederates have been throwing up rail piles and brush defenses every few miles; when our boys come within range, they begin firing, and then run and join their command; another party takes their place, and so the thing goes. We had five men killed to-day.

April 15th. Buchanan's plantation.

Marched at 5 A. M. over some very fine country. Came through Tuskegee, a beautiful town situated up among the hills. The principal citizens came out and surrendered the town, and their good ladies and daughters came thronging out to see us and were quite friendly, surprised and thankful that we did not charge upon them with our sabers, yelling and swearing, as they expected us to do from all reports.

The Confederates in our advance are burning bridges and piling rails as usual. We saved the most important bridges by charging down before they had time to fire them. We are camping to-night on a fine plantation owned by an old Confederate. Plenty to eat, drink, and make merry over.

Coming in from detached duty with Colonel Benteen, the Third Iowa was deployed on the crest of a hill beyond which they were skirmishing. Benteen had his leg thrown nonchalantly over the pommel of his saddle, sitting like a Centaur, heedless of the bullets that cut the bark along side, when Captain Morse of the staff came tearing past us down the hill, his black, rawboned horse unmanageable, and the gallant captain part of the time on his neck and part on the crupper, his military cape flapping about his ears, still further frightening the animal he bestrode, like Irving's headless horseman. "Stick to your critter!" Benteen, a true son of Missouri, called after him. Then some one in the line sang out, "Grab a root!" which was taken up by the others—"Grab a root!" in all the tones voices are capable of producing, Pete Lunford's high piping treble rising above all the rest, "Wait, darling, till your Mummy comes!" as horse and rider shot by and disappeared in the bushes. Benteen laid back and yelled with laughter. Of course it was against

all military discipline, but you see such a thing but once in a campaign.

April 16th. Sunday. Columbus, Ga.

Marched at daybreak, crossing a bad swamp just after leaving camp. Country is poor, broken and covered with a dense growth of stunted pine and oak, and we had to corduroy much of our road to-day.

Our advance arrived at Crawford at 9:30 A. M. The enemy was here encountered, and slowly driven until at noon we arrived in sight of Columbus. The advance of the division, under command of Colonel Eggleston of the First Ohio, immediately charged to the bridge over the Chattahoochee, with the intention of securing it. General Upton and staff followed immediately. We were standing on a little knoll, watching the enemy across the bridge. and as they did not fire began to think the place was evacuated, when in a moment, every gun in Columbus opened on us. We were not a quarter of a mile from their forts, and the shot and shell came fast and furious. Two of our headquarters horses were killed. One shell struck our chief bugler's horse, tearing him all to pieces. Then grape and canister, more than ever I want to hear again. More horses were killed. but fortunately none of us.

The First Ohio was fighting bravely through the streets of Girard, but the bridge in their front was fired before they reached it. and there was no alternative but to fall back.

Glass in hand, General Upton stood like "Patience on a monument," scanning their position until satisfied it was impossible to attack successfully from that point, then ordered us to withdraw. I did not stand upon the order of my going, but got out of there as fast as "Charley" could take me. A bridge that spanned a little ravine had been torn away; there was no time to think, and my horse took the gap at a tremendous leap; but the distance was too great; he caught the opposite bank with his fore feet and held until I flung myself over his head. My brave "Charley" brought me out safely, but I found that he had been wounded by a piece of shell that cut a tendon, and it was necessary to kill him and thus end his suffering.

From a hill, from which I could see every house in Columbus, every fort and earthwork, I watched the two armies maneuver until it was dark. Columbus is situated on the Chattahoochie River, where it flows through a beautiful plain at the foot of the mountain. Three bridges span the river; one foot bridge, below the town, crossing from Girard; another foot and railroad bridge, entering the main part of the city; and an old forsaken causeway a few miles above the town. The lower and upper bridges had been destroyed at our approach; only the main bridge remained. It was stuffed with cotton, covered with turpentine, ready to be fired, in case of our capturing the forts defending it.

There were two regular forts, with redoubts and rifle pits, and abatis protecting them in front and on flank, and in front of them a line of earthworks along the lower ridge. Forts from across the river had range to these points, and it was next to impossible to successfully attack them through the valley.

A dim blue line of hills, as far as the eye can see, encircles the plain in which the city nestles.

In the twilight General Upton withdrew the First Brigade and Rodney's battery from the line beyond the ridges, and marched them, under cover, up beyond the main forts.

At 9:30 at night the Third Iowa was dismounted, and in rear of them the Tenth Missouri was formed, also dismounted, and in rear of them the Fourth Iowa, mounted.

The Third Iowa was ordered forward at a charge, and away they went, yelling and shooting down upon the Confederates, who were not expecting an attack from that quarter or at night, and after a short resistance were driven from their first line back to the forts and in among the batteries.

The Tenth Missouri, supporting the Third Iowa, charged over the slashing and abatis, up to the batteries, captured them, and charged the flying enemy over the bridge, and in the face of the reserves, captured the guns, loaded with grape and canister. The charge was so impetuous, and as in the night friend and foe could not be told apart, the Confederates were panic-stricken and fled in disorder. Then our men charged over the bridge into the city. Major General Howell

Cobb fled with the remnants of his army, and all defense on the part of the Confederates ceased by 11 o'clock. Columbus was ours!

A wild exultation seized the soldiers, and I believe our division could have whipped anything in the Confederacy.

It was grand to see and hear the battle at night—all dark except when the scene was illuminated by flashes of the guns and glaring brilliancy of volleys from forts and rifle pits. So near were our men to the batteries that some were made blind by the powder flash. There, Captain Miller of Company "D" fell, a shell passing through his side, and he died as he said, "like a Christian and a soldier." The Confederates held stubbornly to their guns until our boys were in among them and forced them to surrender.

The arsenal, foundries, work-shops, the Gunboat *Jackson*, and an immense amount of ammunition were fired. The flames from 60,000 bales of cotton blazed up against the sky.

Now that the battle is over, and we have possession of the city, strict discipline is enforced. Contrasted with the night we took Selma, it seems very quiet. It was nearly midnight when we entered the city, and until morning we could hear the slow rumbling of ambulances to the hospital, where the surgeons were busy. Our headquarters are at the "Battle House."

April 17th. Up early and out in the city. The forts are full of prisoners. Prisoners and artillery everywhere.

General Wilson came to congratulate and compliment the Fourth Division. This is Upton's fight. Our officers think the assault and capture of Columbus a brilliant exhibition of generalship. One thing is certain. General Upton has inspired his men with enthusiasm, and they have confidence in him. He is quick to see the point of attack, and is able on the instant to throw his force with the greatest effect. No delay, no dawdling, no mistakes; he strikes quickly and surely. He told General Wilson that he could now take his division and march through the South in any direction. He is not given to boasting, and as a military man, is sure of what he says. We are masters of the situation.

Flying columns north and south served to divert Taylor, Forrest, Cobb, and the other generals, so they could not concentrate their forces to oppose us, and they have been out-generaled from the start. I do not believe there is an army in the world that surpasses these divisions, that now march in compact, well-balanced columns, men and horses in perfect form; disciplined, well officered, sure of themselves. It would be impossible to stampede them, and it would require awful carnage to convince them they were not invincible.

April 18th. Lowe's plantation, Georgia.

Marched at early dawn. First and Second Divisions in advance of us. Our division guarding the rear and corps train.

Broken country and a scarcity of water made our march necessarily slow, and I had time to stop and chat occasionally with "ye inhabitants;" the principal question being, "What did you-uns come down to fight we-uns for?" "You-all" and "we all" prevail like an epidemic.

The divisions in our front captured and burned a train, also captured many prisoners and animals. Cactus fences all along the way, bristling up sharp and tough; they would make an excellent abatis. We see an occasional fig tree, and many plants and herbs entirely unfamiliar.

April 19th. Double Bridges, Flint River, Georgia.

Marched early, crossing both forks of Flint River; one forded, the other bridged. Country poor and dusty. An orderly bearing dispatches from General Wilson has just arrived. He reports: "We took and occupied Macon last night. General Howell Cobb has surrendered. We captured many prisoners." The men are cheering. It looks like the end of the war.

April 20th. In the pine woods in Georgia.

We ride and fight all day, hardly stopping long enough to eat and sleep. The day's occurrences must be jotted down, if at all, by the light of the camp fire. The fellows watch me writing, and want to know if I am "making my will." I am writing history, I tell them. "Sacred or profane?" asks the Major. It might be called profane, I reply.

"A — funny kind of history it will be!" says Lieutenant Battin; "Put that in it."

Who knows, perhaps this road from Waterloo to Macon may some day lie before the reader like a map, for things are being done. We have marched over it, at all events, 500 miles; have had some rough and tumble service, our horses have fallen off very little, and the men are game as fighting cocks, and have taught a new lesson in military tactics. The cavalry as now armed and maneuvered is not considered merely the eyes and flankers for the infantry and artillery, but an effective force against the enemy entrenched, and in fortified cities. For us the road will always be memorable, winding over hills and mountains, through dark forests and green valleys, past cotton fields and plantations, with barns and clustering cabins, by rich cities, along shores of rivers, and by the margin of brooks half hidden in flowers and grasses, past quiet villages and hamlets, beneath the bright blue sky that bends with magic in it above the Sunny South. The pity of it is that the road is marked by devastation and bloodshed and trampled under the rude feet of War. Mayhap in history, as long as America shall endure, will live the scene where Upton fought his battle in the night, and won another star; where Wilson, at the head of his cavalry, charged a fortified city, a stroke of daring generalship; and from the thorn Danger plucked the white flower Victory, that all his soldiers wear with him in their hearts! I hope the historian may also say: On this road the army of cavalry marched and put an end to the great Rebellion.

April 21st. Macon, Georgia.

Crossed the Ocmulgee River on the railroad bridge, and camped in East Macon. The town is full of Confederates, all friendly under the armistice agreed upon between Generals Sherman and Johnston.

Mobile, the last Confederate foothold on the coast, has fallen. General Wilson was right in marching on this line instead of striking south from Selma. The end is not far off.

April 22d. Moved our headquarters to a beautiful green sward near the old Fair Ground. Our office is in a confiscated tent, with ropes and flies decidedly "cottonish," evi-

dently once intended, to hold a batch of Johnnies. A fine view of the city is presented from here. The Fifth Iowa band came over and serenaded, and a pleasant evening was spent.

April 23d. A fire in town last night burned our commissary and destroyed much of our supplies; all our coffee is gone.

Macon is a great capture, containing all kinds of military stores and an immense amount of cotton. If we confiscated all the cotton stored in the South it would pay our war debt. Vast quantities of it have been destroyed.

Johnston's soldiers are coming in, and car-loads of reserves from further South.

General Upton was discussing with a number of officers an incident in one of Napoleon's campaigns, where a cavalry force had cut through the infantry and galloped between the opposing lines. "What of our discipline?" asked the General. "If such a thing happened here, what would the Fourth Division do?" "*Do?*" said Captain Morse, mindful of his own experience, "They'd stand and yell 'Grab a root' like a lot of blamed fools!" The General did not join in the laugh that followed, but went on to press his question in that fine, earnest way he has when discussing military problems.

The rumor has just reached us of the assassination of President Lincoln! We cannot believe it.

April 24th. News of Lincoln's murder confirmed. It comes like a stunning blow. The soldiers loved him, and grieve for him as though they had lost a father.

News of peace unsatisfactory and doubtful. We are here to put down the Rebellion, if it takes ten years yet, the men say. Andersonville is so near that the war is a reality indeed with us. Many of our men who were prisoners and escaped, having been lying out in swamps for months, are coming in, starved and naked.

Generals McCook and Alexander came to our headquarters to-day.

April 25th. Saddled my horse and crossed the Ocmulgee on the pontoon bridge that General Cobb surrendered

with the city. Visited the Macon arsenal and other government buildings, and rode about the city. The cars began running to-day. General Winslow came over to headquarters bringing his report and eleven battle flags taken from the enemy. After he had gone General Upton spoke of his efficient service as provost marshal at Selma, saying, "Winslow would make a great quartermaster general." That sounded strange to me. Had he seen him after Gun-town re-form the line, and for three days and nights balk Forrest of his victory, holding him at bay with the Third and Fourth Iowa Cavalry, and bringing the scattered army back to Memphis, he would have left out the *quartermaster*. Winslow has not General Upton's military genius, nor his dash, but he is brave and resolute, and can handle a division of cavalry as skillfully as any officer in the service.

Wrote letters to the Department, transmitting flags and other captured trophies. One flag, as fine as I ever saw, it was said Mrs. Lincoln had presented to the garrison at Selma; another, that Tibbetts of Company "I" captured from Austin's battery, inscribed with the names of battles of Shiloh, Chickamauga and Murfreesboro. Each flag had its history. I stacked them all in the corner of the tent thinking if they could speak they would have heroic tales to tell. Some of them were almost new, but others were torn and tattered, lashed by tempests of shot and shell. The fortunes of war have separated them from their brave defenders, and there is no one to even tell to whom they belonged. They have fought their last fight, and made "unconditional surrender." Never again at the "Reveille" to unfurl in the morning light; never at sunset to lower, softly folding upon themselves with rustling murmurs to "Retreat." So I put them all away gently, reverently, as became a soldier. Laid unnoted away, lost to those who loved them, their stillness to be forever unbroken, unless mayhap their muffled folds should stir and thrill to the softly-blown bugles of memory.

We are in uncertainty, and can hear nothing from the North.

April 26th. To-day I wrote a lot of movements for a new system of infantry tactics. General Upton is now busy study-

ing a new line formation, and jotting down notes. I told him of a company of militia we saw drill "up thar in Mis-soura," when ordering a right wheel, the captain shouted: "Break in two and swing reound like a gate, swing reound!" with emphasis on the word of command, which amused him greatly. He said it had the advantage of simplicity.

April 27th. Still no communication with the North, save through Confederate hands. Everything unsatisfactory. Rode over to the city and saw some beautiful houses, one the most magnificent in the South, parks, lakes, statuary; outside of Tempe's Vale, one would hardly expect to see anything more beautiful.

April 28th. Everything is chaos here, the most extravagant rumors prevailing among the citizens; no reliable news of any kind. The suspense is almost unendurable. We are reduced to about quarter rations, and no coffee, and nobody can "soldier" without coffee. Our clothing is worn out, and we nearly all wear Confederate uniforms. It is time the war was over.

April 29th. Macon, Georgia.

Rode over to General Winslow's headquarters, making quite a little tour through the city. The citizens seem friendly and most of the soldiers, though some of them are moody and cherish resentment. Pillaged property is to be turned over to the provost marshal. It consists of gold, silver, and all manner of trinkets. Fortune favors the brave! Rummaging in an old storehouse, I found a little bag of coffee, a sample lot it must be, bright yellow grains, inclosed in wicker, such as fancy baskets are made of. Lun was in an ecstasy while roasting and getting it ready to grind. "Let it simper slow," he insists, which, doubtless is the true method of making coffee. We keep it to ourselves, but as you can smell it a mile when the wind sits fair, we are likely to be besieged by the whole army.

April 30th. One trait is very noticeable in these Southern people, and it sets one a thinking. Certain families in each State hold themselves in a kind of superiority above the others—an aristocracy of birth; different from Northerners, who think Smith is just as good as Jones, and so is Robin-

son. I was talking about this with a nice looking old lady, who lives just across from our headquarters. She had returned my military salute with a stately courtesy, and so I stopped to chat with her. The kind old soul listened attentively while I stood at the gate and ran over the names of the Georgia boys that I used to know at "Old Hanover." They had come North to school, and brought a new charm to life with their handsome faces and chivalrous ways. There was something captivating about their soft Southern accent. They taught us how to swim and shoot and fence, and we taught them to skate and play football and "hook water-melons." When the war broke out, they all left for home, and I had never heard of any of them since. I suppose, I said, most of them went into the army. "The boys of the best families of the South," she answered, "joined the army."

Two of the college boys she knew, Eli S. Shorter, of Columbus, now an officer in Benning's brigade, and his cousin, Fred Wimberley. This afternoon a servant came over, bearing a tray with a round something, carefully wrapped, and a couple of bottles of Scuppernong wine. Lun looked at the tray with curious attention, chuckling to himself, as he brought out what he called "a noble plum pudding." I think I shall enlarge my visiting list!

Northern papers received, with news of Lincoln's death, and the closing scenes of the war. Much dissatisfaction with Sherman, because of the armistice with General Johnston. We put great confidence in Sherman, and will not believe he did other than that he thought just and right.

May 1st. General Grierson has dispatched that his command is at Eufaula. General McCook at Tallahassee. Our division will probably move to Augusta in a few days. An expedition goes down the Savannah River to the ocean. I went riding to-day beyond the lines to "Cross Keys," where Stoneman fought.

May 2d. General Long, recovering from his wound received at Selma, has issued a farewell address to his division. He is greatly loved by his command. There never was an army of better men, or better soldiers than these now breaking up, soon to be lost in civil life. Closely bound by disci-

pline, welded together under fire, and working harmoniously in a glorious campaign, it is with a feeling of sadness we see the end approach.

May 3d. The First Ohio Cavalry moved to Atlanta to receive the surrender and garrison that place. Orders came from General Grant to-day to garrison all important posts in the South. Our divisions are separating, and we all await orders. All Confederate soldiers are ordered to go home immediately.

May 4th. General Wilson brought to our headquarters an official notice, received from Washington at noon to-day, and he and Upton are conferring. 'Open questions begin to burn like fire; what to do with the children in orphan asylums, the poor people, many of whom are starving; our relations to the State Legislatures and local authorities; what to do with the railroads; food supplies, cotton, clothing; the negroes who have followed us, men, women and children afoot, on donkeys, in little carts, in a wild flight for freedom.

Struck our tents; our luggage was hauled to the Atlanta depot, but for some cause the train did not go, and we were ordered back to camp. We are to go to Augusta to-morrow.

Generals Wilson and Upton parted company in front of the tent, Wilson waving his hand as he rode away. They have grown very close together in this campaign. I would like to know what fortune has in store for them. General Wilson, with his restless energy, would seem to be a born soldier of fortune, yet amid all conflicting orders he keeps a level head, and is as skillful in administration as he is in the field. He has fully justified General Grant's estimate of him when he placed him in command of this army.

General Upton is a thorough student of military science, and is also a master of the details of military life. He is quick to see and use the material at hand to accomplish his designs. He has the enthusiasm of youth, but he is not rash; he has inordinate ambition, but is neither selfish nor cringing; he believes in himself, yet is neither over-confident nor vain. He has fairly won distinction as a soldier; and as a soldier, loves his country with passionate devotion. I would

like to record the wish that his name may always show clear and bright on the roll of fame.

After General Wilson had gone, General Upton looked grave. It is rumored that General Grant is to come here. The war ending with such suddenness appears to have jolted Sherman and Stanton both off their feet. Secretary Stanton should have remembered that Sherman was an American, as patriotic as himself. Sherman was in command of a great army, flushed with victory, and was idolized by his soldiers; then was no time to force insult upon a commander. However, General Sherman is too good a soldier and too true a patriot to be long affected by it.

Lee's troops are going through here in all directions, a thousand a day, for the past week, and Johnston's men are coming in, taking the familiar paths to their homes after long years of absence, poorly clad, some on crutches, some with empty sleeves, pale-faced from wounds or sickness; the anger and bitterness of hate one feels turning into pity, when coming back to us in silence, they have no homes to go to. I do not wonder that Sherman wanted to give better terms than the government at Washington. They have surrendered, after fighting the thing to the end. That settles it. Now they are Americans and we will be friends again. Grant says to Lee, "Take your horses and go home, put in a new crop and begin again." That sounds as though Lincoln had said it. But there is no good place to begin. They have lost all. We must help them start, and keep them from starving. I have seen a number of our fellows give them money, take their names and postoffice addresses, and heard them say to them, "We will see you through." The darkeys have worked the little plantations, some patches have been kept cultivated; but it is a mighty lonesome homecoming. We are issuing provisions from our stores, and rations of meat from captured Confederate beef-cattle; and that is as good as Henry Ward Beecher's beautiful words "Forgiveness and Reconciliation."

May 5th. On the cars for Augusta and Atlanta, Georgia.

Up early. The Fourth Division marched at daylight. Staff officers, after waiting for two hours at the depot, got a

train and moved out; five hundred men from the First Brigade, and about the same number of returning Confederates with us. Three engines to our train. It is queer to see us all together. Along the way, the people run to their doors to see the Johnnies going home, with their handkerchiefs ready to wave, but when they see our blue uniforms, they drop them, the cheer of welcome for the returning soldiers dies away on their lips, and we pass silently. The road is a desolate one; many soldiers of Lee's army along the way. Had a long chat with two boys who were looking for their homes; had served from the beginning in Longstreet's corps. Potomac, Shenandoah, Chickahominy, Chickamauga, Richmond, are interesting themes in good hands. Near West Point we saw two companies of Stoneman's cavalry. They say they have captured a courier with this pathetic message, dated May 3d, from Jeff Davis to his friend Harrison: "I leave in an hour; if my horse can stand it, I will go on rapidly to Washington, Georgia. All their efforts are directed for my capture. My family are safest when farthest from me. I have the bitterest disappointment in regard to the feeling of our troops. I would not have any one I love dependent upon their resistance against an equal force."

We arrived at Augusta at sundown. City full of Confederates. No Federals were ever here before. In front of the Planters' House, in the center of the city, we are great curiosities. It seemed to me the whole city was crowding to see the Yankees. Major Dee, with his regiment came marching up and we encamped in the public square. The General and staff stopped at the Planters' Hotel.

May 7th. A gunboat came from Savannah escorting a commissary boat loaded with supplies for us from General Sherman. We are not forgotten by him at any rate.

Rode all over the city sight-seeing. Crossed the river into South Carolina, from Hamburg to Aiken, chatting with citizens gathered on the street corners to deliberate on the approach of the Yankees. A company of Confederates, with two pieces of artillery, were guarding the bridge, but I came back unchallenged. The soldiers will all abide by General Lee's orders.

Colonel Jones arrived with the Third Iowa Cavalry. General Molineux, of the Nineteenth Corps, will relieve General Upton.

Augusta is a beautiful place, but blissfully ignorant of the horrors of war. The Yankees are growing in favor. All the churches were opened to-day. Generals Fry, Wright, Imboden, Ruggles, Basil Duke, Colonel Breckenridge, Majors Bigger and Morgan (John's brother) and a host of other Confederate commanders are here.

Many chats and arguments are kept up between our men and the Confederates, for the most part very friendly. Arsenals, foundries, powder-mills and factories, commissary and quartermaster stores, and great stores of cotton, in our possession.

May 8th. Augusta. Gold and silver circulating again. An auctioneer has been steadily plying his trade across the way, and our soldiers and the Confederates intermingle, buy cigars and smoke and chat, while the old fellow puffs his motley assortment as though he knew his goods were worth something. Silver sold at \$1,000. Confederate, for \$1. I saw a Confederate lieutenant buy a box of cigars for \$500 Confederate money, his entire pay for the last seven months in the army before Richmond. His right arm had been shot away in the closing campaign.

A flag raising at the arsenal, General Upton giving the assembly a little impromptu address, and his terse summing up of the results of the war was listened to with deep interest. No one, on the spur of the moment, could have made a better speech. I believe it will not be long until Augusta follows Savannah by the same road into the Union.

May 9th. Augusta.

Paroling prisoners all day at the court house and city hall. Among the number was General Beauregard.

Took a stroll down the bank of the Savannah River, watching the boats floating along with the tide. It is a fine night; a fisherman's beacon fire was flashing out over the water and his jolly song echoed around the river bend.

A reward of \$360,000 is offered for the capture of Jeff Davis and his companions in flight. We have captured their

last trunk line, there are no cars that he can travel on, our cavalymen picket every ford and ferry on both sides of the Ocmulgee River, and it is next to impossible for him to escape.

This is a typical order :

“Brigadier General Winslow, Commanding First Brigade.

“Keep me informed by courier of the exact movements of Jeff Davis, and when you have found the true scent, go for him.
J. H. WILSON.”

General Vaughn, in command of Jeff Davis's escort, came in to make arrangements for the surrender of his forces, consisting of Dibrell's two brigades, Ferguson's and Duke's, and Butler's division of Wade Hampton's cavalry. They started with four thousand men, a hundred boxes of gold, and sixty boxes of silver; most of the specie has been distributed among the men, many of whom have deserted.

May 10th. On the cars for Atlanta, 9:30 P. M.

Passing green woods, factories, fields and country villas, an occasional farm house with its cluster of negro cabins cast its shadow along the landscape, and the lights in the windows glitter like fireflies as they flit by.

Awoke this morning nearing Atlanta. Houses destroyed, farms laid waste, burnt ties and twisted rails plainly showed Sherman's onward march. Very strong works around the city, flanked by numberless lines of rifle pits, protected by *chevaux de frise*, the most impenetrable one can imagine. Here and there are lonely patches of graves dotting the hillside.

Established headquarters in what was once a dwelling. It is pierced by shot and shell in two or three places. I have a room upstairs, and sleep under a hole made by a shell that had burst, tearing out the side of the chimney.

Colonel Eggleston, of the First Ohio, had received the surrender of the garrison, arms, stores, etc.

May 11th. Atlanta is a ruin, not a business house standing, and not a dwelling, except a few marked by shot and shell—every tree and shrub about our camp scarred and cut into grotesque shapes by bullets. All the region is a battlefield; lines of reddish-yellow clay earthworks, in every shape

known to military science, stretch away as far as sight can reach, and torn into shapeless masses by the heavy guns.

May 12th. Out riding over the battlefields, among forts and rifle pits, wire fences, slashings and unknown obstructions, until both horse and rider were tired out. Dismounting, I followed the line of an old fence and found a lot of fine ripe strawberries, and feasted, while my horse browsed in sweet clover.

A report has been received of the capture of General Bragg. Dispatches keep coming in at all times from scouting parties after Jeff Davis. We think he cannot escape.

Citizens came over to see us to night. I do not know what for, unless to drive away the loneliness. It must be miserable living for the people here. They had a hard time of it. It does not seem real to hear them tell their stories. Bomb-proofs are scattered through the city, in which, during the siege, the affrighted people burrowed like prairie dogs. They cut bullets out and sold them to buy bread. The citizens at Griffin are starving. If it were not for our feeding them from our stores, this whole country would perish.

Governor Brown, of Georgia, was brought a prisoner to our headquarters to-day, arrested by order of the Secretary of War.

Soldiers from Lee's army are passing continually. They are all awfully tired of war. I pity the poor boys. General Lee has loyally accepted the results of the war, and the armies will follow his example. They have followed him, God knows, with unfaltering step, without shoes, without blankets or food, grim and gaunt, a skeleton host to the last. That ends it.

Captain McCormick, A. C. M., and Major Bird, A. D. C., have joined our headquarters.

The railroad was completely destroyed when Sherman was surrounding Atlanta. Blackened embers and beds of ashes show where the piles of railroad ties were fired, and the rails at white heat, twined around the trees. The little pines and oaks alongside are seared and blackened by the process, and many have three or more rails twisted around them.

The Vice-President of the Confederacy, Alexander H. Stephens, in poor health and quite feeble, was brought to our headquarters, a prisoner. I vacated my room for him and came down stairs, where the gold and silver is stored to the amount of half a million dollars, which the Confederates confiscated and we captured, besides five thousand dollars in gold from the Confederate treasure chest. I feel like a buccaneer or a bold brigand in here with this "unsunned heap" of treasure. Captain Gilpin has orders to take the State funds and deliver to Governor Brownlow, at Nashville. In barrels and boxes, it makes a load for two six-mule teams.

General Winslow is in charge of all the parties at work on rebuilding the railroad to Chattanooga. It is nearly finished to Cartersville, and our courier line is established from the Chattahoochie. We are to ride out there to-morrow to note progress.

I have listened to-day to Alexander H. Stephens in conversation with General Upton, and to their arguments about politics and the reconstruction of the Union. He is a splendid talker, never at a loss for ideas, or fit words in which to express them. The line of policy in reconstruction * was the main topic. I was impressed with one thing he said, as rubbing his fingers up and down on the back of his hand by way of illustration: "Slavery was a sore on the body politic—constant friction North and South kept it inflamed." He told us of his interview with Lincoln and Seward at Fortress Monroe. He had a high opinion of Mr. Lincoln, and said "His murder was the greatest calamity that ever befell a people; especially will it be felt by the people of the South." He is a learned man and a deep thinker. While he and the General differed widely on many questions, I saw their admiration was mutual.

Rode out along the railroad to where our engineer corps is bridging the Etowah River. Very few inhabitants in the country. Starved out; the last sheaf of oats gone from the barn, the last pound of meal from the kitchen, and in the smokehouse the ground has been dug over for the salt that

*A new word that Mr. Stephens used many times in regard to the seceded States.

had dripped there in curing meat. Passed Marietta—the ruins of it—near the base of Kenesaw Mountain, where Sherman fought his battle. Many of the killed were left unburied, or have been washed out by the rain, for parts of skeletons can be seen all about the battlefield. From a distance you can see lines of works and rifle-pits ascending the rugged mountain, in a winding and tortuous course. I had ridden forty-five miles and was tired, but scrambled over the rocks and through the scrub pine to the highest peak where the fine view of the Blue Ridge range well repaid for the rough climb.

May 13th. Atlanta, Ga.

Mr. Stephens is still here at our headquarters. This morning I walked with him for an hour among the ruins. In one place he pointed out, on a half burnt sign hanging above a crumbling wall, the name of an old friend of his, and continued in a half soliloquy: "I was once a poor boy, here on this very spot; the kind women of Georgia picked me up out of the street, and gave me an education. All I am, I owe to the people of Georgia. I could not desert my State. I loved the Union, but I followed my State." He said this with a pathos that went to my heart like a bullet. This Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy is no more a rebel than I am.

Captain Armitage came, asking for provisions, especially salt, for the citizens in his neighborhood, as they were suffering for food, saying: "People never forgot those who were kind to them in adversity." That sounded like the speech of a man. Nothing was said of their having brought adversity upon themselves, and nobody thought of alluding to it. I believe that nine-tenths of these Southern people are glad in their hearts that the national authority has been restored.

Early this morning we sent our mail by courier who brought back, among other papers, the farewell address of General Forrest to his troops:

"GAINSVILLE, ALABAMA, May 9, 1865.

"SOLDIERS:—The troops of this department have been surrendered. I do not think it proper to refer to the causes

which have reduced us to this extremity. That we are beaten is a self evident fact. The cause for which you have braved dangers, endured privations and suffering, and made so many sacrifices is to-day hopeless. The terms upon which you were surrendered are favorable and should be acceptable to all. They manifest a spirit of magnanimity and liberality on the part of the Federal authorities and should be met on our part by faithful compliance.

"In bidding you farewell, you carry with you my best wishes. Without referring in any way to the merits of the cause in which we have been engaged, your courage as exhibited on many hard fought battlefields has elicited the respect and admiration of friend and foe. I have never sent you on the field where I have been unwilling to go myself, nor do I now advise you to a course which I feel myself unwilling to pursue. You have been good soldiers, you can be good citizens. Obey the laws, preserve your honor, and the government to which you have surrendered can afford to be and will be magnanimous.

"N. B. FORREST,

"Lieutenant General."

Forrest was our most gallant opponent, whom we have fought with varying fortunes for the last three years, through Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama and Georgia. He is a born leader of cavalymen, the only man left in the Confederacy who need be feared as a guerilla chief. Marmaduke, "Red" Jackson and the smaller fry, could be stamped out inside of a month by State troops if they turned to bushwhacking. General Sherman's fears are needless, since Forrest has made honorable surrender. There will be no more fighting.

GENERAL UPTON'S FAREWELL.

"Before severing his connection with the command, your General desires to express his high appreciation of the bravery, endurance and soldierly qualities displayed by the officers and men of his division. Leaving Chickasaw on the 22d of March, as a new organization, and without status in the Cavalry Corps, you in one month traversed 600 miles, crossed six rivers, met and defeated the enemy at Montevallo, capturing 100 prisoners, routed Forrest, Buford and Roddy in their chosen position at Ebenezer Church, capturing two guns and three hundred prisoners, carried the works in your front at Selma, capturing thirteen guns, 1,100 prisoners, and

five battle-flags, and finally crowned your success by a night assault upon the enemy's entrenchment at Columbus where you captured 1,500 prisoners, twenty-four guns, eight battle-flags, and vast munitions of war. You arrived at Macon, Georgia April 21st, having captured on your march 3,000 prisoners; thirty-nine pieces of artillery and thirteen battle-flags. Whether mounted with the saber, or dismounted with the carbine, the brave men of the Third, Fourth and Fifth Iowa, First and Seventh Ohio and Tenth Missouri Cavalry triumphed over the enemy in every conflict. With regiments led by brave colonels, and brigades commanded with consummate skill and daring, this division, in thirty days has won a reputation unsurpassed in the service. Though many of you have not received the reward your gallantry has entitled you to, you have received the commendation of your superior officers, and have won the admiration and gratitude of your countrymen.

"You return to your homes with the proud consciousness of having defended the flag of your country in the hour of the greatest national peril, while through your instrumentality, liberty and civilization have advanced the greatest stride recorded in history.

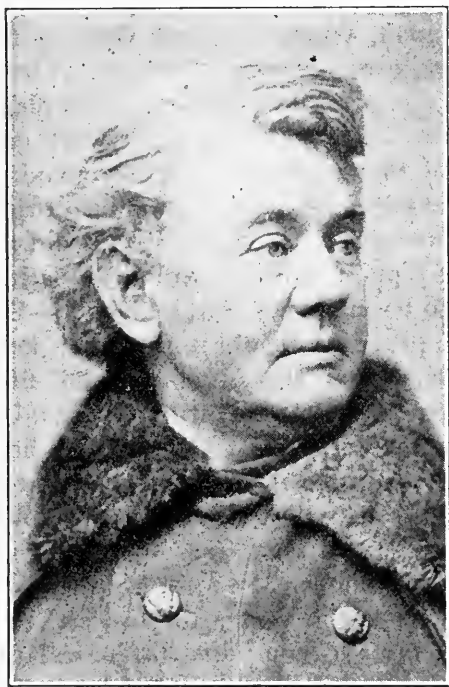
"The best wishes of your commanding general will ever attend you.

"E. UPTON,
"Brevet Major General,
"Commanding Fourth Division Cavalry Corps."

As soon as the Engineer Corps can finish the bridge at the river the different regiments of this command will march northward. None of us, I suppose, understand what it is to disband a great army. The first regiments preparing to go home. The First and Seventh Ohio, and Tenth Missouri, have just marched past headquarters and cheered the General. He made them a little speech. He knows what he has fought for, and his clear-cut statement went straight to the heads and hearts of his soldiers. In every engagement they have seen the result of his strict discipline and constant drill. By their side under fire, on the lookout for the chance to win, and ready on the instant to dash for it; and in camp always attentive to their comfort and welfare; their enthusiasm has changed into affectionate regard, so that now it is with a feeling akin to sorrow that they part. Colonel Ben-

teen, of the Tenth Missouri Cavalry, presented a beautiful tribute from his regiment.*

General Upton has written his official report. A number of officers, staff and regimental, are recommended for promotion for gallantry during the campaign. Most of them, however, are thinking more about being mustered out of



LIEUT.-COL. F. W. BENTEEN, 10TH MISSOURI CAVALRY.

Captain 7th U. S. Cavalry, July 28, 1866; Major 9th U. S. Cavalry, December 17, 1882;

Retired July 1, 1888; Died June 22, 1898; Brevet Brigadier General, U. S. A.

service than of the honors. Camp life has become very irksome.

Here in these days of waiting, came two letters bearing the postmark Selma. One, signed Catharine Symmes Mont-

*It may be of interest to those of our readers who knew Col. Benteen to learn that Upton once wrote of him as the most gallant man he had ever seen under fire.—EDITOR.

ford—heart-broken mother, words and thanks—out of place in a soldier's rude journal, that I shall reverently keep, hoping that time may heal the wounds of a cruel war, and—is it too much to hope?—bring the day when North and South shall be again united. The other letter—and I may as well out with it—if sweet Kate be willing, I shall do my part toward that happy reunion. She will not give me an answer, she says, “until peace is declared.”

This afternoon, taking General Upton's farewell order with me, I went over to the camp of the Third Iowa, to bid my old company good-bye. It was not a pleasant thing to do. Lieutenant Battin and the boys were gathered about the improvised tents. George Weiney making an attempt to sing, “The Lady I Love Will Soon be a Bride,” and much more to the same effect; but I thought it did not go off very well. It is very plain that they are all impatient at the delay of orders to be mustered out. Colonel—General Noble it is now, is as proud of his old regiment as he well can be. Of the two thousand two hundred and fifty men who have been members of the Third Iowa Cavalry, only a few comparatively remain to enjoy the welcome home. Not one of the number has brought dishonor to the flag under which we fought. This narrative would be incomplete if it failed to record the name of Rev. Jas. W. Latham, the faithful chaplain of the regiment. I do not know to what church he belonged, but he has looked after the sick and wounded, consoled the dying and composed for burial the dead. He knows where our boys fell, and their friends may be assured that their resting-places were hallowed by his prayers.

It is not easy to sever the ties that for four long years of hardship, danger, excitement and delight of soldier life, have bound us together. We had talked of the old days, and had called up many incidents of our campaigns, and the time had come to go. My foot was in the stirrup—no more “Prepare to mount!” No more “Boots and saddles!” The thought came almost with the sharpness of a saber thrust. “Good-bye, boys! Good-bye! Good-bye!”

At headquarters General Upton and Major Latta have just come in with the word of the capture of Jeff Davis. He

will be brought here. General Wilson has issued a congratulatory order to the army. A salute of 200 guns will be fired to-morrow morning at sunrise to announce that "PEACE IS DECLARED."

THE LAST NIGHT IN CAMP.

I had walked beyond headquarters till I could dimly see the long lines of tents stretching away to the north. A boyish tenor voice somewhere was singing :

"We are tenting to-night on the old camp ground,
Give us a song to cheer."

I knew well their thoughts were turning. When the song ceased, all was still. The sky, down to the horizon line, was crowded so thickly with stars that one could hardly trace "The Dipper." George McCallum came out of his tent to sound "Taps." I stopped to listen. Perhaps he too was thinking it was his last good-night bugle call. The notes rose and fell, and repeated themselves in plaintive echoes among the hills, and floating on until, in other echoes still fainter and more tremulous, they lost themselves among the stars. Bards have gone from the world. Only the musician now has the subtle power to bind as with a spell the hearts of an army of men ; and to-night it may be, touched by that call, their thoughts and feelings attuned to harmony, arose even beyond the stars. Good-night !

May 14th. Atlanta, Georgia.

I was awakened at 3 A. M. with the word that Mr. Davis had arrived. The shrill whistle brought every one within hearing down pell mell to the railroad depot. General Upton and one of his staff officers were to accompany the train to Augusta. The soldiers detailed as additional guards were building their fires from the debris of the fallen buildings, throwing on half-burnt signs, door-posts, and window frames, and the blaze showed little knots of them along the railroad track, looking expectantly toward the cars. As soon as the train stopped we went in. The car was full. Mr. Davis and his wife were in the third seat ; next back of them Clay and his wife ; then Postmaster General Reagan, Colonels

Johnston and Lubbock, aides; Colonel Harrison, private secretary; Mrs. Davis's three children and her brother and sister; Lieutenant Hathaway, and others whose names I did not learn, and a number of colored servants. A detachment of the Fourth Michigan Cavalry under Colonel Pritchard, who had captured the party, guarded them.

They were captured in Southern Georgia, making their way to the Florida coast. They had a little camp, two tents along side of the wagon, in the pine woods a mile from Irwinsville, and were asleep, when our cavalry dashed in on them.

When Colonel Pritchard came up, Mr. Davis was furious. "I suppose you consider this a capture," he exclaimed. "Yes," replied the Colonel. "It is not, it is a *theft*! You make war on women and children!" Colonel Pritchard then said, "Mr. Davis, you must remember you are a prisoner."

The car lamp shone full in his face, and at last I had the satisfaction of seeing the captured Confederate chief. An erect figure, with a somewhat martial bearing, brown hair turning gray, a keen strong face with a pallor in it, smooth shaven to below the chin, a look of sorrow about the lines of the firm-set mouth, a high pale forehead sharply defined above cold gray eyes that repelled sympathy.

When the train moved off, quite a crowd of both Federal and Confederate soldiers had gathered. Mr. Davis was standing at the car window, with a cold flinty look in his eyes as they rested unmoved on the distant hills, a long irregular line of earthworks, just growing visible in the dawn. Vice-President Stephens begged General Upton to let him go North in a separate car; there was bitter feeling between them. Governor Brown had no respect for him, he told us, and for a year had opposed his measures. Howell Cobb felt contempt for his government, the disgrace of its termination, and its tyranny while in force, saying it was a relief to him to have a restoration of the national authority. Both Generals Johnston and Beauregard distrusted as well as feared him, and refused further allegiance. General Lee had remained true to him to the last, about the only one,

as we learned from the officers when we paroled them. With Lee's surrender, he became a fugitive.

On my way back to headquarters the deserted fires were casting shadows that seemed to stalk like gigantic specters along the walls, over tumbled and charred roofs and fallen chimneys, and I realized that I had seen the end. The cause was lost!

The sun was rising bright above the trenches beyond the deserted battle ground as Rodney's battery came at a trot down what had once been a street, swung its guns into position and began firing a national salute.

With the roar of guns our flag rose to the top of the staff, unfolding all the stars and stripes as it caught the breezes.

The last campaign was ended.





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